

Instructions to a Celebrated Laureat;

ALIAS

THE PROGRESS OF CURIOSITY;

ALIAS

A BIRTH-DAY ODE;

ALIAS

Mr. WHITBREAD's BREWHOUSE.

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

Sic transit Gloria Mundi! — OLD SUN-DIALS.

From *House* of Buckingham, in grand Parade,
To Whitbread's *Brewhouse* mov'd the Cavalcade!

A NEW EDITION.

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A R G U M E N T.

PETER's loyalty---He suspecteth Mr. Warton of joking---Complimenteth the Poet Laureat---Peter differeth in opinion from Mr. Warton---Taketh up the cudgels for King Edward, King Harry V. and Queen Bess---Feats on Blackheath and Wimbledon performed by our most gracious Sovereign---King Charles the Second half damned by Peter, yet praised for keeping company with gentlemen---Peter praiseth *himself*---Peter reproved by Mr. Warton---Desireth Mr. Warton's prayers---A fine simile---Peter still suspecteth the Laureat of ironical dealings---Peter expostulath with Mr. Warton---Mr. Warton replieth---Peter administereth bold advice---Wittily calleth death and physicians poachers---Praiseth the King for parental tenderness---Peter maketh a natural simile---Peter furthermore telleth Thomas Warton what to say---Peter giveth a beautiful example of Ode-writing.

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propofeth questions, but benevolently waiteth not for answers----Peter telleth the duty of Kings----Discovereth one of his shrewd maxims---Sublime simile of a water-spout and a King----The great use of asking questions----The habitation of Truth----The collation----The wonders performed by the royal visitors----Majesty propofeth to take leave----Offereth knighthood to Mr. Whitbread----Mr. Whitbread's objections----The King runneth a rig on his host----Mr. Whitbread thanketh Majesty----Miss Whitbread curtsieth----The Queen dippeth---The cavalcade departeth.

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I N S T R U C T I O N S, &c.

TO M, soon as e'er thou strik'ft thy golden lyre,
Thy brother Peter's muse is all on fire,
To sing of Kings and Queens, and such rare folk :
Yet, midst thy heap of compliments so fine,
Say, may we venture to believe a line ?
You Oxford wits most dearly love a joke.

Son of the NINE, thou writeſt well on nought—
Thy thund'ring stanza, and its pompous thought,
I think, must put a dog into a laugh :
EDWARD and HARRY were much braver men
Than this new christen'd hero of thy pen ;
Yes, laurell'd ODEMAN, braver far by half ;

B

Tho'

Tho' on Blackheath, and Wimbledon's wide plain,
 GEORGE keeps his hat off in a show'r of rain ;
 Sees swords and bayonets without a dread,
 Nor at a volley winks, nor ducks his head :

Although at grand reviews he seems so blest,
 And leaves at six o'clock his downy nest,
 Dead to the charms of blanket, wife, and bolster ;
 Unlike his officers, who, fond of cramming,
 And at reviews afraid of thirst and famine,
 With bread and cheese and brandy fill their holsters.

Sure, Tom, we should do justice to Queen Bess :
 His present Majesty, whom Heav'n long bless
 With wisdom, wit, and arts of choicest quality,
 Will never get, I fear, so fine a niche
 As that old queen, tho' often call'd old b—ch,
 In Fame's colossal house of immortality.

As for John Dryden's Charles—that King

Indeed was never any mighty thing—

He merited few honours from the pen—

And yet he was a dev'lsh hearty fellow,

Enjoy'd his girl and bottle, and got mellow,

And mind—kept company with *GENTLEMEN*:

For, like some kings, in hobby grooms,

Knights of the manger, curry-combs, and brooms,

Lost to all glory, Charles did not delight—

Nor jok'd by day with pages, servant maids,

Large, red-poll'd, blowzy, hard two-handed jades:

Indeed I know not what Charles did by *night*.

Thomas, I am of candour a great lover;

In short, I'm candour's self all over;

Sweet as a candied cake from top to toe;

Make it a rule that Virtue shall be prais'd,

And humble Merit from her bum be rais'd:

What thinkest thou of Peter now?

Thou

Thou criest, " Oh ! how false ! behold thy King,
 Of whom thou scarcely say'st a handsome thing ;
 " That King has virtues that should make thee stare."
 Is it so ?—Then the sin's in *me*—
 'Tis my vile optics that can't see—
 Then pray for them, when next thou say'st a pray'r.

But, p'rhaps, aloft on his imperial throne,
 So distant, O ye gods ! from ev'ry one ;
 The royal virtues are, like many a star,*
 From this our pigmy system rather far ;
 Whose light, tho' flying ever since creation,
 Has not yet pitch'd upon our nation.

Then may the royal ray be soon explor'd—
 And, Thomas, if thou'l swear thou art not humming,
 I'll take my spying-glass, and bring thee word
 The instant I behold it coming.

* Such was the sublime opinion of the Dutch astronomer Huygens.

But, Thomas Warton, without joking,
Art thou, or art thou *not*, thy Sov'reign smoking?

How can't thou seriously declare,
That George the Third
With Cressy's Edward can compare,
Or Harry?—'Tis too bad, upon my word:
George is a clever King, I needs must own,
And cuts a jolly figure on the throne.

Now thou exclaim'st, " G—d rot it! Peter, pray,
What to the devil shall I sing or say?"

I'll tell thee what to say, O tuneful Tom—
Sing how a monarch, when his son was dying,
His gracious eyes and ears was edifying,
By Abbey company and kettle drum:

Leaving that son to death and the physician,
 Between two fires—a forlorn hope condition;
 Two poachers, who make man their game,
 And, special marksmen! seldom miss their aim.

Say, tho' the Monarch did not see his son,
 He kept aloof through fatherly affection—
 Determin'd nothing should be done
 To bring on useless tears and dismal recollection.
 For what can tears avail and piteous sighs ?
 Death heeds not howls nor dripping eyes :
 And what are sighs and tears but wind and water,
 That show the leakyness of feeble nature !

Tom, with my *simile* thou wilt not quarrel :
 Like air and any sort of drink,
 Whizzing and oozing through each chink,
 That proves the weakness of the barrel.

Say---

Say—for the PRINCE, when wet was ev'ry eye,
And thousands pour'd to heav'n the pitying sigh

Devout;

Say how a KING, unable to dissemble,
Order'd Dame SIDDONS to his house, and KEMBLE,

To spout:

Gave them ice creams and wines, so dear!

Denied till then a thimblefull of beer—

For which they've thank'd the author of this metre,
Videlicet, the moral mender Peter,
Who, in his ODE ON ODE, did dare exclaim,
And call such royal avarice, a shame.

Say—but I'll teach thee how to make an ode;
Thus shall thy labours visit Fame's abode,
In company with my immortal lay—
And look, Tom—thus I fire away—

BIRTH - DAY ODE.

THIS day, this very day, gave birth
 Not to the brightest monarch upon earth,
 Because there are some brighter and as big—
 Who loves the arts that man exalt to heav'n—
 George loves them also when they're giv'n
 To four-legg'd gentry; christ'ned dog and pig,*
 Whose deeds in this our wonder-hunting nation
 Prove what a charming thing is education.

Full of the art of brewing beer,

The Monarch heard of Mr. Whitbread's fame:
 Quoth he unto the Queen, " My dear, my dear,
 " Whitbread hath got a marvellous great name;

* The dancing dogs and wife pig have formed a considerable part of the royal amusement.

" CHARLY,

" CHARLY, we must, must, must see Whitbread brew—

" Rich as us, Charly, richer than a Jew :

" Shame, shame, we have not yet his brewhouse seen."

Thus sweetly said the King unto the Queen !

Red hot with novelty's delightful rage,

To Mr. Whitbread forth he sent a page,

To say that Majesty propos'd to view,

With thirst of knowledge deep inflam'd,

His vats, and tubs, and hops, and hogsheads fam'd,

And learn the noble secret how to *brew*.

Of such undreamt-of honour proud,

Most rev'rently the Brewer bow'd ;

So humbly (so the humble story goes)

He touch'd e'en *terra firma* with his nose ;

Then said unto the page, *hight* Billy Ramus,
 " Happy are we that our great King should name us,
 " As worthy unto Majesty to shew,
 " How we poor Chiswell people brew."

Away sprung Billy Ramus quick as thought:
 To Majesty the welcome tidings brought:
 How Whitbread staring stood like any stake,
 And trembled—then the civil things he said—
 On which the King did smile and nod his head;
 For Monarchs like to see their subjects quake:
 Such horrors unto Kings most pleasant are,
 Proclaiming rev'rence and humility—
 High thoughts too all those shaking fits declare
 Of kingly grandeur and great capability!

People of worship, wealth, and birth,
 Look on the humbler sons of earth,
 Indeed in a most humble light, God knows !
 High stations are like Dover's tow'ring cliffs,
 Where ships below appear like little skiffs,
 The people walking on the strand, like crows.

Muse, sing the stir that Mr. Whitbread made ;
 Poor gentleman ! most terribly afraid
 He should not charm enough his guests divine :
 He gave his maids new aprons, gowns, and smocks ;
 And lo ! two hundred pounds were spent in frocks,
 To make th' apprentices and draymen fine :

Busy as horses in a field of clover,
 Dogs, cats, and chairs, and stools were tumbled over,
 Amidst the Whitbread rout of preparation
 To treat the lofty Ruler of the nation.

Now

Now mov'd King, Queen, and Princesses so grand,
 To visit the first brewer in the land—
 Who sometimes swills his beer and grinds his meat
 In a snug corner christen'd Chiswell Street ;
 But oft'ner, charm'd with fashionable air,
 Amidst the gaudy Great of Portman-Square.

Lord Aylesbury, and Denbigh's Lord *also*,
 His Grace the Duke of Montague *likewise*,
 With Lady Harcourt, join'd the raree show,
 And fix'd all Smithfield's marv'ling eyes—
 For, lo ! a greater show ne'er grac'd those quarters,
 Since Mary roasted, just like crabs, the martyrs.

Arriv'd, the King broad grinn'd, and gave a nod
 To Mr. Whitbread, who, had God
 Come with his angels to behold his beer,
 With more respect he never could have met—
 Indeed the man was in a sweat,
 So much the Brewer did the King revere.

Her Majesty contriv'd to make a dip—
 Light as a feather then the King did skip,
 And ask'd a thousand questions, with a laugh,
 Before poor Whitbread comprehended half.

Reader! my Ode should have a *simile*—
 Well! in Jamaica, on a tam'rind tree,
 Five hundred parrots, gabbling just like Jews,
 I've seen—such noise the feather'd imps did make
 As made my *pericranium* ake—
 Asking and telling parrot news:

Thus was the brewhouse filled with gabbling noise,
 Whilst draymen, and the brewer's boys,
 Devour'd the questions that the King did ask:
 In diff'rent parties were they staring seen,
 Wond'ring to think they saw a King and Queen;
 Behind a tub were some, and some behind a cask.

Some draymen forc'd themselves (a pretty luncheon)
 Into the mouth of many a gaping puncheon;
 And through the bung-hole wink'd with curious eye,
 To view, and be assur'd what sort of things
 Were Princesses, and Queens, and Kings;
 For whose most lofty station thousands sigh!
 And lo! of all the gaping puncheon clan,
 Few were the mouths that had not got a man!

Now Majesty into a pump so deep
 Did with an opera glass of Dolland peep,
 Examining with care each wond'rous matter
 That brought up water—

Thus have I seen a magpie in the street,
 A chatt'ring bird we often meet,
 A bird for curiosity well known,
 With head awry,
 And cunning eye,
 Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone.

And

And now his curious M—y did stoop
 To count the nails on ev'ry hoop:
 And lo! no single thing came in his way,
 That full of deep research, he did not say,
 "What's this? hæ hæ? what's that? what's this? what's that?"
 So quick the words too, when he deign'd to speak,
 As if each syllable would break its neck.

Thus, to the world of *great* whilst others crawl,
 Our Sovereign peeps into the world of *small*:
 Thus microscopic geniuses explore
 Things that too oft provoke the public scorn;
 Yet swell of useful knowledges the store,
 By finding systems in a pepper-corn.

Now Mr. Whitbread, serious did declare,
 To make the Majesty of England stare,
 That he had butts enough, he knew,
 Plac'd side by side, to reach along to Kew:

On

On which the King with wonder swiftly cry'd,
 " What if they reach to Kew then, side by side,
 " What would they do, what, what, plac'd end to end?"
 To whom, with knitted calculating brow,
 The Man of Beer most solemnly did vow,
 Almost to Windsor that they would extend;
 On which the King, with wond'ring mien,
 Repeated it unto the wond'ring Queen:
 On which, quick turning round his halter'd head,
 The Brewer's horse with face astonish'd neigh'd ;
 The Brewer's dog too pour'd a note of thunder,
 Rattled his chain, and wagg'd his tail for wonder.

Now did the King for other beers enquire,
 For Calvert's, Jordan's, Thrale's entire—
 And after talking of these diff'rent beers,
 Ask'd Whitebread if his porter equall'd theirs?

This

This was a puzzling disagreeing question,
 Grating like arsenic on his host's digestion;
 A kind of question to the Man of Cask
 That not ev'n Solomon himself would ask.

Now Majesty alive to knowledge, took
 A very pretty memorandum book,
 With gilded leaves of asses' skin so white,
 And in it legibly began to write—

Memorandum.

A charming place beneath the grates
 For roasting chesnuts or potates.

Mem.

'Tis hops that give a bitterness to beer—
 Hops grow in Kent, says Whitbread, and elsewhere.

Quære.

Is there no cheaper stuff? where doth it dwell?
 Would not horse aloes bitter it as well?

Mem.

To try it soon on our small beer—
 'Twill save us sev'ral pounds a year.

Mem.—To remember to forget to ask
 Old Whitbread to my house one day—

Mem.

Not to forget to take of beer the cask,
 The brewer offer'd me, away.

Now having pencil'd his remarks so shrew'd;
 Sharp as the point indeed of a new pin;
 His Majesty his watch most sagely view'd,
 And then put up his asses' skin.

To Whitbread now deign'd Majesty to say,
 “ Whitbread, are all your horses fond of hay? ”

“ Yes,

" Yes, please your Majesty," in humble notes,
The Brewer answer'd—" also, Sir, of oats:
" Another thing my horses too maintains—
" And that, an't please your Majesty, are grains."

"Grains, grains," said Majesty, " to fill their crops?"
"Grains, grains?—that comes from hops—yes, hops, hops, hops.

Here was the King, like hounds sometimes, at fault—
" Sire," cry'd the humble Brewer, " give me leave
" Your sacred Majesty to undeceive:
" Grains, Sire, are never made from hops, but malt.

" True," said the cautious Monarch, with a smile:
" From malt, malt, malt—I meant malt all the while."
" Yes," with the sweetest bow, rejoin'd the Brewer,
" An't please your Majesty, you did, I'm sure."
" Yes," answer'd Majesty, with quick reply,
" I did, I did, I did, I, I, I, I."

Reader,

Reader, whene'er thou dost espy a nose
 That bright with many a ruby glows;
 That nose thou may'st pronounce, nay safely swear,
 Is nurs'd on something better than small beer :

Thus when thou findest Kings in brewing wise—

Or Nat'ral Hist'ry holding lofty station ;
 Thou may'st conclude with marv'ling eyes,
 Such Kings have had a goodly education.

Now did the King admire the bell so fine,
 That daily asks the draymen all to dine :
 On which the bell rung out (how very proper !)
 To show it was a bell, and had a clapper.

And now before their Sovereign's curious eye,
 Parents and children, fine, fat, hopeful sprigs,
 All snuffling, squinting, grunting in their sty,
 Appear'd the Brewer's tribe of handsome pigs :

On which th' observant Man, who fills a Throne,
 Declar'd the pigs were vastly like his own :

On which the Brewer, swallow'd up in joys,
 Tears and astonishment in both his eyes,
 His soul brimful of sentiments so loyal,

“ Exclaim'd—“ O heav’ns ! and can *my* swine
 “ Be deem’d by Majesty so fine !

“ Heav’ns ! can my pigs compare, Sire, with pigs royal ! ”
 To which the King assented with a nod :

On which the Brewer bow’d, and said “ Good God ! ”

Then wink’d significant on Miss ;
 Significant of wonder and of bliss—
 Who bridling in her chin divine,

Cross’d her fair hands, a dear old Maid,
 And then her lowest curt’fy made

For such high honour done her father’s swine.

Now did his Majesty, so gracious say
 To Mr. Whitbread, in his flying way,

" Whitbread, d'ye nick th' Exciseman now and then?

" Hæ, Whitbread, when d'ye think to leave off trade?

" Hæ? what? Miss Whitbread's still a maid, a maid?

" What, what's the matter with the men?

" D'ye hunt?—hæ hunt? No, no, you are too *old*—

" You'll be Lord May'r—Lord May'r one day—

" Yes, yes, I've heard so—yes, yes, so I'm told:

" Don't don't the fine for Sheriff pay—

" I'll prick you ev'ry year man, I declare:

" Yes, Whitbread—yes, yes—you shall be Lord May'r.

" Whitbread, d'ye keep a coach, or job one pray?

" Job, job, that's cheapest—yes that's best, that's best—

" You put your liv'ries on the draymen—hæ?

" Hæ, Whitbread?—You have feather'd well your nest.

" What what's the price now, hæ, of all your stock?

" But, Whitbread, what's o'clock, pray, what's o'clock?"

Now Whitbread inward said, " May I be curst

" If I know what to answer first;"

Then

Then search'd his brains with ruminating eye—
 But e'er the Man of Malt an answer found,
 Quick on his heel, lo, Majesty turn'd round,
 Skipp'd off, and baulk'd the pleasure of reply.
 Kings in inquisitiveness should be strong—
 From curiosity doth wisdom flow:
 For 'tis a maxim I've adopted long,
 The more a man enquires, the more he'll know.

Reader, didst ever see a water-spout?
 'Tis possible that thou wilt answer "No."
 Well then! he makes a most infernal rout;
 Sucks, like an elephant, the waves below,
 With huge proboscis reaching from the sky,
 As if he meant to drink the ocean dry:
 At length so full he can't hold one drop more—
 He bursts—down rush the waters with a roar
 On some poor boat, or sloop, or brig, or ship,
 And almost sinks the wand'rer of the deep:

Thus

Thus have I seen a Monarch at reviews
 Suck from the tribe of officers the news,
 Then bear in triumph off each *wond'rous* matter,
 And fouse it on the Queen with such a clatter!

I always would advise folks to ask questions—
 For truly, questions are the keys of knowledge:
 Soldiers—who forage for the mind's digestions—
 Cut figures at th' Old Bailey, and at College;
 Make Chancellors, Chief Justices, and Judges,
 E'en of the lowest green-bag drudges.

The sages say, Dame Truth delights to dwell,
 Strange mansion! in the bottom of a Well—
 Questions are then the windlasses and the rope
 That pull the grave old gentlewoman up:

* Damn jokes then, and unmannerly suggestions,
 Reflecting upon Kings for asking questions.

* This alludes to the late Dr. Johnson's laugh on a Great Personage, for a laudable curiosity in
 the Queen's library some years since.

Now having well employ'd his royal lungs
 On nails, hoops, staves, pumps, barrels and their bungs;
 The King and Co. sat down to a collation
 Of flesh, and fish, and fowl of ev'ry nation.

Dire was the clang of plates, of knife and fork,
 That merc'less fell like tomyhawks to work,
 And fearless scalp'd the fowl, the fish, and cattle,
 Whilst Whitbread, in the rear, beheld the battle.

The conqu'ring Monarch stopping to take breath
 Amidst the regiments of death,

Now turn'd to Whitbread with complacence round,
 And merry thus address'd the Man of Beer—
 “ Whitbread, is't true? I hear, I hear
 “ You're of an antient family—renown'd—
 “ What? what? I'm told that you're a limb
 “ Of PYM,* the famous fellow PYM:
 “ What, Whitbread, is it true what people say?
 “ Son of a Round-head are you? hæ? hæ? hæ?

* His Majesty here made a mistake—Pym was his wife's relation.

" I'm told that you send Bibles to your votes—
 " A snuffling round-headed society—
 " Pray'r books instead of cash to buy them coats—
 " Bunyans, and Practices of Piety :
 " Your Bedford votes would wish to change their fare
 " Rather see cash—yes, yes—than books of pray'r :
 " Thirtieth of January don't you feed ?
 " Yes, yes, you eat calf's head, you eat calf's head."

Now having wonders done on flesh, fowl, fish,
 Whole hosts o'erturn'd—and seiz'd on all supplies ;
 The royal visitors express'd a wish
 To turn to House of Buckingham their eyes :

But first the Monarch so polite,
 Ask'd Mr. Whitbread if he'd be a *Knight*—
 Unwilling in the list to be enroll'd,
 Whitbread contemplated the Knights of Peg,
 Then to his generous Sov'reign made a leg,
 And said " He was afraid he was *too old*. "

" He thank'd however his most gracious King,
 " For offering to make him *such a THING.*"

But ah! a diff'rent reason 'twas I fear!

It was not age that bade the Man of Beer

The proffer'd honour of the Monarch shun:

The tale of Marg'ret's knife, and royal fright,

Had almost made him damn the *name* of Knight:

A tale that farrow'd such a world of fun.

He mock'd the pray'r* too by the King appointed,

Ev'n by himself the Lord's Anointed—

A foe to *fast* too, is he let me tell ye;

And, tho' a Presbyterian, cannot think

Heav'n (quarrelling with meat and drink)

Joys in the grumble of a hungry belly!

Now from the table with Cæsarean air

Up rose the Monarch with his laurell'd brow,

* For the miraculous escape from a poor innocent insane woman, who only held out a small knife in a piece of white paper, for her Sovereign to view.

When

When Mr. Whitbread, waiting on his chair,
Express'd much thanks, much joy, and made a bow.

Miss Whitbread now so thick her curtsies drops,
Thick as her honour'd father's Kentish hops;
Which hoplike curtsies were return'd by dips
That never hurt the royal knees and hips;
For hips and knees of Queens are sacred things
That only bend on gala days
Before the best of Kings,
When odes of triumph found his praise.—

Now thro' a thund'ring peal of kind huzzas,
Proceeding some from* hir'd and unhir'd jaws,

* When his MAJESTY goes to a playhouse, or brewhouse, or parliament, the LORD CHAMBERLAIN provides some pounds-worth of Mobs to huzza their beloved Monarch. At the Playhouse about forty wide-mouthed fellows are hired on the night of their Majesties appearance, at two shillings and sixpence *per head*, with the liberty of seeing the play *gratis*. These STENTORS are placed in different parts of the Theatre, who immediately on the Royal entry into the Stage Box, set up their howl of Loyalty; to whom their Majesties, with the sweetest smiles, acknowledge the obligation by a genteel bow, and an elegant curt'sy—This congratulatory noise of the STENTORS is looked on by many, particularly Country Ladies and Gentlemen, as an infallible Thermometer, that ascertains the warmth of the National Regard.

The

The raree-show thought proper to retire;
 Whilst Whitbread and his daughter fair
 Survey'd all Chiswell Street with lofty air,
 For lo! they felt themselves some six feet higher!

Such, Thomas, is the way to write!
 Thus should'st thou Birth-day Songs indite:
 Then stick to earth and leave the lofty sky,
 No more of ti tum tum, and ti tum ti.

Thus should an honest Laureat write of Kings—
 Not praise them for *imaginary things*:
 I own I cannot make my stubborn rhyme
 Call ev'ry King a character sublime;
 For Conscience will not suffer me to wander
 So very widely from the paths of Candour.

I know full well *some* Kings* are to be seen,
 To whom my verse so bold would give the spleen;

* Foreign Kings,

I	Should
---	--------

Should that bold verse declare they wanted *brains*—
 I won't say that they *never* brain posses'd—
 They *may* have been with such a present bless'd,
 And therefore fancy that some *still* remains:

For ev'ry well-experienc'd surgeon knows
 That men who with their legs have parted,
 Swear that they've felt a pain in all their *toes*,
 And often at the twinges started;
 Then stared upon their oaken stumps, in vain!
 Fancying the toes were all come back again.

If men then, who their absent toes have mourn'd,
 Can fancy those same toes at times return'd;
 So Kings, in matters of intelligences,
 May fancy they have stumbled on their sences.

Yes, Tom—mine is the way of writing Ode—
 Why liftest thou thy pious eyes to GOD?
 Strange disappointment in thy looks I read;
 And now I hear thee in proud triumph cry,

" Is this an action, Peter? this a deed
 " To raise a Monarch to the sky?
 " Tubs, porter, pumps, vats, all the Whitbread throng,
 " Rare things to figure in the Muse's song!"

Thomas, I here protest I want no quarrels
 On Kings and Brewers, porter, pumps, and barrels—
 Far from the dove-like Peter be such strife!
 But this I tell thee, Thomas, for a fact—
 Thy Cæsar never did an act
 More wise, more glorious, in his life.

Now GOD preserve all wonder-hunting KINGS,
 Whether at Windsor, Buckingham or Kew-house;
 And may they never do more foolish things
 Than visiting Sam Whitbread and his brewhouse.

A LIST of PETER PINDAR's WORKS;

Any of which may be had of G. KEARSLEY, No. 46, Fleet-Street,
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